

Bing Crosby

"The Road To Morocco"

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We're off on the road to Morocco
This camel is tough on the spine
(Hit me with a band-aid, Dad)
Where they're goin', why we're goin', how can we be
sure?
I'll lay you eight to five that we'll meet Dorothy Lamour
(Yeah and get in line)

Off on the road to Morocco
Hang on till the end of the line
(I like your jockey, quiet)
I hear this country's where they do the dance of the
seven veils
We'd tell you more but we would have the censor on
our tails
(Good boy)

We certainly do get around
Like Webster's Dictionary, we're Morocco bound

We're off on the road to Morocco
Well look out
Well clear the way
'Cause here we come
Stand by for a concussion
The men eat fire, sleep on nails and saw their wives in
half
It seems to me there should be easier ways to get a
laugh
(Shall I slip on my big shoes?)

Off on the road to Morocco
Hooray! Well blow a horn, everybody duck
Yeah, it's a green light, come on boys

We may run into Villains but we're not afraid to roam
Because we read the story and we end up safe at
home, yeah

Certainly do get around
Like Webster's Dictionary, we're Morocco bound

We certainly do get around
Like a complete set of Shakespeare
That you get in the corner drugstore
For a dollar ninety-eight, we're Morocco bound

Or, like a volume of Omar Khayyam
That you buy in the department store at Christmas time
For your cousin Julia, we're Morocco bound
(We could be arrested)

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